Fellowship in Prayer

"For a world united in prayer"

Lord, give to men who are old and rougher
The things that little children suffer,
And let keep bright and undefiled
The young years of the little child.

— John Masefield

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OUR PURPOSE

To promote the practice of prayer among ALL religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

22 East 29th Street New York 16, N.Y.

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MAKING YOUR HIGHER SELF ACTIVE AND VITAL

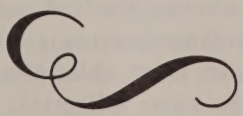
IT IS IMPORTANT for you to understand the nature of your Higher Self and its ability to give you added strength, courage and faith.

YOUR HIGHER SELF is that wonderful spiritual wisdom inside of you which is always seeking to give you an intelligent program of action. Most people use negative plans, consequently they get the wrong results. Moreover, many people think of the nature of their Higher Selves in terms of something very remote from the practical affairs of life. When someone asks you to be spiritually-minded, it means that you being called to step up higher on the ladder of your True Self. Never let your mind become so utterly dull that you are not interested in attempting to live by spiritual principles.

YOU WILL BE extraordinarily happy if you begin to devise a plan by which you can develop this interior wisdom. It will help you add color, vitality and joy in your daily living. Your life will take on glow instead of gloom. There is nothing drab about spiritual living. Color, beauty and love are available. So are books, friends, art and culture. The spiritual man is never a frustrated man. It is one of the supreme functions of RELIGION to encourage an intelligent creative outlet of one's abilities.

Why not organize a plan to add something to your life remembering that the arithmetic of Joy is to be found in addition—not in subtraction.

— Rabbi Ernest R. Trattner



EDITORIAL

IN THE NAME OF RELIGION?

In South Viet Nam, Buddhist monks and nuns set fire to themselves and burn to death in protest against what they claim to be unfair government restrictions imposed on them. The government, dominated by a catholic family, denies that there has been any injustice and jails thousands of students and monks who take part in violent demonstrations.

In America, teen agers, small children, mothers with babies in their arms, old people with grand children by their sides, spew hatred at Negro students who try to enter what are supposed to be integrated schools. The Bible is often incorrectly quoted to show that God intended the Negro to be inferior.

So we find that two nations today—one small, old in tradition and history on one side of the world; the other large, relatively new to civilization on the other side—are both beset with bigotry and intolerance. It seems incredible when we consider the religious heritage of each.

One cannot help but think back in history to the awful devastation of the Thirty Years' War fought in the name of religion—catholic and protestant. How could people, claiming to have faith, be so utterly cruel to one another? How is it possible that one who calls himself a Buddhist or Catholic or Protestant should turn to violence and bloodshed. How could one fail to understand that Budda, Confucius, Lao Tze, Jesus, etc., never advocated hatred and violence. They taught brotherhood.

Yet in America today we find one of the largest and most respected, liberal, non-denominational Christian publications advocating, if not openly, at least obliquely, violence for Negroes to attain their rights. In the same editorial, Booker T. Washington is called an appeaser because, like Gandhi, he was sickened by the

injustices perpetrated on his people and, like the Indian mahatma, could not urge violence as means to achieve the equality that all Americans should have. He believed in peaceful methods, in intelligence and in prayer. The puzzle is that a Christian editor should criticize a great Christian who tried his utmost to live the teachings of Jesus.

In New York we have the headquarters of the militant Black Muslims, a Negro organization, supposedly religious but openly dedicated to hating the white man and working for his downfall. This in the name of religion!

Recently, an important article in LOOK concerned itself with one of the fastest growing religious groups in the world—*Sōka Gakkai*. It is sweeping over Japan like an epidemic. Organized in that country during the early 1930's, it was an obscure sect until after World War II. There was a tremendous spiritual void in that country when the emperor lost his godlike status. Suddenly the idea of *Sōka Gakkai* caught the imagination of the masses of restless, unhappy people.

Though it has no relationship to the principles of Buddhism, nonetheless, it calls itself the true Buddhist Religion. Its adherents gather together in huge groups, chanting their fundamental prayer: *"I am the Supreme Power."* It is run like a military organization—brutal—direct—relentless and has the objective of crushing out every other faith in the world. This in the name of religion! Another blasphemy.

All these incidents make up an almost wild, hidious Kafka-like nightmare that is such a farce and so unbelievable that it would be comic if it were not so terribly tragic.

A mature faith is built on a very simple precept—it is a God-centered life. What else can be said? This is the sum and substance of it. Such a life can be active or passive—it can withdraw, it can participate, but it can never advocate violence, never uphold racial supremacy, never cultivate sectarian bigotry. It is a fellowship in prayer of those who try to live up to the "kind of religion which is without stain or fault in the sight of God." *P.F.*

This selection is taken from one of the most popular of classics, INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE published early in the seventeenth century.

REMEDIES AGAINST ANGER

St. Francis de Sales

"It is better," says St. Austin, "to deny entrance to just and reasonable anger, than to admit to it, be it ever so little, because once admitted it is with difficulty driven out again. It enters as a little twig and in a moment becomes a beam. If it can but once gain the night of us, and the sun set upon it, which the apostle forbids, it turns into a hatred from which we have scarcely any means to rid ourselves, for it nourishes itself under a thousand false pretexts, since there was never an angry man that thought his anger unjust."

It is better then, to attempt to find the way to life without anger, than pretend to make a moderate and discreet use of it. When, through our imperfections and frailities, we find ourselves surprised, it is better to drive it away speedily than enter into a parley, for, if we give it ever so little leisure, it will become mistress of the place, like the serpent who easily draws in his whole body where he can once get in his head.

But how shall I banish it? You may ask. At the first alarm you must speedily muster your forces; not violently, not tumultuously, but mildly, and yet seriously; for as we hear the ushers in public halls and courts of justice crying *Silence,* make more noise than the whole assembly; so it frequently happens that by endeavoring with violence to restrain our anger we stir up more trouble in our heart than wrath has excited before. The heart, being thus agitated, can be no longer master of itself.

After this meek effort, practice the advice which St. Austin in his old age gave the young bishop Auxilius. Do, says he, that which a man should do, if that befall you of which the man of God speaks in the Psalms: "My eye is troubled with wrath." (Ps. 30) Have recourse to God, crying out, "Have mercy on me, O Lord!" that he may stretch forth his right hand to repress your anger.

I mean we must invoke the assistance of God when we find ourselves excited to wrath, in imitation of the apostles when they were tossed by the wind and the storm upon the waters, for he will command our passions to cease, and a great calm

shall ensue. But the prayer which is made against present and pressing anger must always be performed calmly and not violently.

Moreover, as soon as ever you perceive yourself guilty of an act of wrath, repair the fault immediately by an act of meekness towards the same person against whom you were angry. For it is a sovereign remedy against a lie to contradict it upon the spot, as soon as we perceive we have told it. So we must repair anger instantly by a contrary act of meekness, for fresh wounds are most easily cured.

Again, when your mind is in a state of tranquility, supply yourself with meekness, speaking all your words and doing all your actions little and great in the mildest manner possible, calling to mind, that as the Spouse in the Canticles has not only honey on her lips, on her tongue, and in her breast, but milk also. So we must not only have our words sweet towards our neighbor, but also our whole breast. That is to say, the whole interiors of our soul. Neither must we have the aromatic and fragrant sweetness of honey only—the sweetness of civil conversation with strangers—but also the sweetness of milk amongst our family and neighbors; in which those fail greatly who in the street seem to be angels, and in their house demons.

AND THESE THY GIFTS

Awed by
Thy majesty
shy, silent, I remain
humbled by Thy simplicity
and love

Strange as
a bird in flight
my whispered prayer soars high
and brings to Thee my thankfulness
and love.

— Susan White

THE GREATEST BOOKS

THE BHAGAVAD GITA, THE BOOK OF TAO

Thomas Powers

TAKE A QUICK look at the sacred scriptures of mankind and you think, "How different they are! And how exotic and remote many of them seem!" Look a little closer and you see that the differences are on the surface; underneath is a single tremendous theme: how man may return to God, see Him again in everything and in himself, and be united with Him here and now. All scriptures without exception point beyond man's pleasure, beyond even his happiness, to his joy, his fulfillment, his triumph in God.

As for the "remote and Exotic" qualities of sacred writing, all that is certainly superficial and semantic. The meat of real scripture is as practical and useful today as a fresh-bought beefsteak.

And of no scripture is this truer than of the *Bhagavad Gita*, the great religious poem which has been called "the Sermon on the Mount of Hinduism." Although the whole book is as Hindu as Benares, the present value of the *Bhagavad Gita* is by no means confined to India and Indians. For more and more Westerners are discovering that the *Gita* is a wonderfully explicit and practical textbook on the technique of seeking God while working in the world. If you are sincerely pursuing Truth, and if at the same time your duty places you in the midst of worldly obligations, you will find in the *Gita* a series of inspired instructions addressed directly to your problem.

The central message of the *Gita* is this: Surrender your life to God; put God first; then do your duty whatever it is, but without attachment to the fruits of action; work, but surrender the results of work to God; work, but without desire for reward.

The divine Teacher of the *Gita* recognizes that this is easy to say and hard to do. So he goes on to tell just how, in spite of difficulties, it *can* be done. Even so, it is easy to misunderstand the *Gita's* basic teaching; it is a common error, for example, to suppose that surrender of the fruits of action means that there *will be no fruits*. This is far from the truth. Hear what Gandhi says: "Again let no one consider renunciation to mean want of fruit for the renouncer. The *Gita* reading does not warrant such a meaning.

Renunciation means absence of hankering after fruit. As a matter of fact, he who renounces reaps a thousandfold. The renunciation of the *Gita* is the acid test of faith. He who is ever brooding over result often loses nerve in the performance of his duty. He becomes impatient and then gives vent to anger and begins to do unworthy things; he jumps from action to action never remaining faithful to any....From the bitter experiences of desire for fruit the author of the *Gita* discovered the path of renunciation of fruit and put it before the world in a most convincing manner."

Bhavagad Gita means "The Blessed Lord's Song." Originally it was a relatively small section of the great Hindu epic poem, the *Mahabharata*. But the *Gita* towers above the larger epic which is its setting. *The Blessed Lord's Song* is in fact an amazingly harmonious and fruitful synthesis. It interweaves and combines the dualistic pre-Aryan, non-Brahmanical, aboriginal Indian spirituality (Jainism, Sankhya, and Yoga) with the vigorous, all-unifying Vedic teaching of the Aryan invaders.

The *Gita* begins just before the joining of battle between the followers of two great related ruling families, the Pandavas and the Kauravas. The leader of the Pandavas, Arjuna, is driven by his charioteer to a position between the two armies, and there his heart fails him when he sees the fratricidal slaughter that is about to begin. He is unable, at this critical moment in his life, to see what is correct behavior for him. He is unmanned by confusion and despair and refuses to fight.

His charioteer (who is actually the Lord Krishna, God in human form) rebukes him, with understanding and kindness but nevertheless sternly, insisting that he get on with his duty, which, since he is a Warrior, is to fight.

The bulk of the *Gita* consists of the ensuing conversation between Arjuna and Sri Krishna. It begins with teaching as to how to live one's life from day to day, particularly how to bear oneself in stress and crisis, and it goes on to ecstatic revelations of the nature and attributes of God in the highest, and to the eternal gospel that God Himself is constantly with all men, but with the man of wisdom as his Saviour and his Friend.

> "Four types of virtuous men worship Me, O Arjuna: the man in distress, the man seeking knowledge, the man seeking enjoyment, and, O best of the Bharatas, the man endowed with wisdom.
>
> Of these, the wise man, ever steadfast and devoted to the One alone, is the best. For supremely dear am I to the man of wisdom, and he is dear to Me."

Many good translations of the *Gita* are available. One by Swami Paramananda is found in Lin Yutang's *Wisdom of China and India,* New York: Random House. Gandhi's translation with commentary is of special value in view of Gandhi's great personal demonstration of the *Gita's* teaching: *The Gita According to Gandhi,* Ahmedabad, India: Navajivan Publishing House. Gandhi himself considered Arnold's the best English translation: *The Song Celestial,* translated from the Sanskrit by Sir Edwin Arnold; London: Routledge & Kegan Paul. The treatment of the *Gita* by Prabhavananda and Isherwood is an interpretation rather than a literal rendering: *Bhagavad-Gita,* translated by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood; New York: Harper & Brothers. Other good translations are as follows: *The Bhagavad Gita* translated by Swami Nikhilananda; New York: Ramakrishna-Vivekananda Center. *The Bhagavad Gita Explained,* with a new and literal translation explained by Ernest Wood; Los Angeles: New Century Book Shop. For commentaries on and interpretations of the *Gita* the following are suggested: *Philosophies of India,* by Heinrich Zimmer; New York: Pantheon. *Essays on the Gita,* by Sri Aurobindo; New York: Dutton. *The Yoga of the Bhagavad Gita,* by Sri Krishna Prem; New York: Harper & Brothers.

* * *

The soul of China is old beyond most Occidentals' feeling for age; it is immense, diverse, and in many ways inscrutable. Several forms of Buddhism have taken root and flowered in China. The Chinese moral and social philosophy is summed up in the gentle wisdom of the scholarly sage, Confucius. But the deepest essence of Chinese spirituality is expressed in a little book of "5,000 words" written 2,400 years ago. It is the *Book of Tao,* or the *Tao Teh King,* traditionally said to have been composed by Lao Tse, who was born about 571 B.C. and whose name when translated means "Old Boy." He was a contemporary of Confucius and of Siddhartha Gautama, the Buddha.

Very little is known about Lao Tse, and that little is in dispute among scholars. Ssu-ma Ch'ien says that Lao Tse was Keeper of the Imperial Archives or a sort of librarian at the Chou court. Legend says that he disappeared in middle life, although it is reported that he lived to a great age after his disappearance. He is said to have written the *Book of Tao* in a few hours to please a frontier guard as he was crossing the border on his way to retirement.

Some estimate of the importance of the *Tao Teh King* may be made from Lin Yutang's evaluation of it: "If there is one book in the whole of Oriental literature which one should read above all others, it is, in my opinion, Lao Tse's *Book*

of Tao. If there is one book that can claim to interpret for us the spirit of the Orient, or that is necessary to the understanding of characteristic Chinese behavior, including literally "the ways that are dark," it is the *Book of Tao.* For Lao Tse's book contains the first enunciated philosophy of camouflage in the world; it teaches the wisdom of appearing foolish, the success of appearing to fail, the strength of weakness and the advantage of lying low, the benefit of yielding to your adversary and the futility of contention for power. It accounts in fact for any mellowness that may be seen in Chinese social and individual behavior.... It is one of the profoundest books in the world's philosophy."

The word "Tao" is variously translated as "the Way" — "a means" — "a doctrine" — "a principle." But it is more than these, much more. It is the ultimate reality in which all attributes are united. According to Kuan Tsu, Tao is "that by losing of which men die; by getting of which men live. Whatever is done without it, fails; whatever is done by means of it, succeeds." It is the harmony of things, the way the universe works. It is, in fact, God. And therefore it is essentially indescribable and unutterable. "The Tao that can be told of is not the Absolute Tao." These are the first words of the *Tao Teh King.*

The *Book of Tao* is full of paradoxes, and one wonders in the first place how the material came to be articulated at all, for "he who knows does not speak, and he who speaks does not know." And one hesitates to praise the book, for "true words are not fine-sounding; fine-sounding words are not true."

The strength of weakness is a theme running all through the philosophy of Lao Tse:

> "When man is born he is tender and weak;
>
> At death, he is hard and stiff.
>
> When things and plants are alive, they are soft and supple;
>
> When they are dead, they are brittle and dry.
>
> Therefore hardness and stiffness are the companions of death,
>
> And softness and gentleness are the companions of life.
>
> Therefore when an army is headstrong it will lose in battle.
>
> When a tree is hard, it will be cut down.
>
> The big and strong belong underneath,
>
> The gentle and weak belong at the top."

Water is regarded as the great material symbol of Tao:

"There is nothing weaker than water,

But nothing is superior to it in overcoming the hard,

For which there is no substitute. . .

The Great Tao flows everywhere, (Like a flood) it may go left or right. . .

Tao in the world
May be compared
To rivers that run into the sea."

Straining after "success" is seen as great foolishness:

"Stretch (a bow) to the very full,

And you will wish you had stopped in time.

Temper (a sword-edge) to its very sharpest,

And the edge will not last long.

When gold and jade fill your hall,

You will not be able to keep them safe."

Any display of "goodness" or aggressive "virtue" is regarded as a very sour development.

Among all the world's sacred writing, the *Book of Tao* stands out as subtle, restful, gentle, motherly, profound, with a haunting nostalgia for a beatitude long forgotten yet ever at hand, resplendent with hints of the spiritual gold still buried in every man and indeed in every thing, and withal full of a strange sense of humor, a smile just starting—as if behind the enigma, the mystery and terror of human life, someone were gently laughing.

The following translations of the *Tao Teh King* are available: "The Book of Tao" in *The Wisdom of China and India*, by Lin Yutang; New York: Random House. *The Wisdom of Lao Tse*, edited and with an introduction by Lin Yutang, is the Book of Tao interspersed with commentaries by Lao Tse's great follower and interpreter, Chuangtse; New York: The Modern Library. *The Way and Its Power*, with introduction and commentaries by Arthur Waley; London: George Allen & Unwin. "Tao-Teh-King" in *A Buddhist Bible*, edited by Dwight Goddard; Thetford, Vermont: Dwight Goddard.

* * *

AGAIN AND AGAIN

A FAMOUS AMERICAN COMPOSER suffered a paralyzing stroke which left his right hand useless. Just as soon as he began to recover he returned to writing music. He laboriously struggled to teach his left hand to put down the notes on paper.

"It took me hours to do what used to take minutes," he said. But again and again, day after day, he worked to train the muscles in his hand. Finally the music began once again to flow forth from his pen.

SO MUST WE ALL STRUGGLE to train and retrain our minds and hearts. As we strive to follow Jesus Christ and to do the will of God, we often slip. We skip the daily prayer time or we fail to answer a call for help. We forget to give thanks to God for the many blessings which surround us day after day.

WHEN WE REALIZE what we have done, how far below the desired standard we are falling, we become discouraged. We must remember then that Jesus did not give His life for men and women who were already perfect. He knew Peter would deny Him—deny Him three times before the cock crowed. But He knew Peter would try again and again until He became a rock of faith.

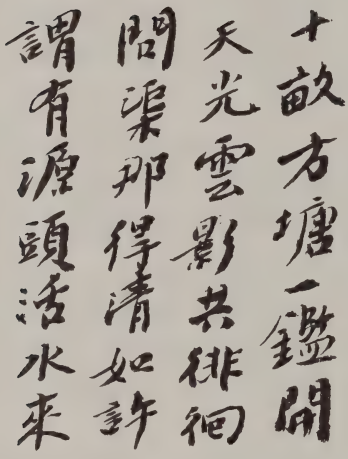
AGAIN AND AGAIN WE MUST ASK FORGIVENESS, then go on trying to become better, to serve Him more fully and more faithfully—again and again—never giving up. It will give us strength to do this, if we remember these words: "If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up." (Job 22:23)

And so, again and again, let us work at retraining ourselves to be true Christians.

— Elizabeth Searle Lamb

THE MEETING OF TWO FRIENDS

Kathryn G. Brown



July 23, 1962, happened to be, according to man-made, therefore artificial and the hardly adequate, chronology, the birthday of Harry Halsey Starrett. In the morning of that day a cheerful and silently whistling postman in the City of Lima, Ohio, delivered to Mr. Starrett an unexpected letter which read:

Dear Mr. Starrett:

On her recent visit here, Kathryn Brown said, "You won't forget Mr. Starrett's birthday, will you?"

What I should really remember is that, as the Spirit is not measurable in time or space, a man of the Spirit experiences neither death nor birth. He has no birthday. The little mark on my desk calendar designates merely a good conventional day to write a letter of gratitude and appreciation.

Though I have not met you personally, dear friend, I feel I have known you all my life. Your numerous long and short epistles to the Fellowship in Prayer have

conveyed every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. I am grateful for such food which is more nutritious than bread.

The universality of the Spirit's revelation is amazing. Frequently, when reading one of your messages or listening to Carl Evans' or Kathryn Brown's remarks about your letter, I am reminded of a twelfth-century quatrain by one of the greatest philosophers of China, Chu Hsi. He must have in mind someone very much like you. . . .herewith is the Chinese wording.

Here is my, perhaps not entirely adequate, translation:

A square pond, a mirror of six acres.
White clouds floating on blue sky.
You wonder: How comes such cleanness?
Living water from a spring, that's why.

This is just a little token of a long cherished homage.

Sincerely yours,

William Hung

It is one of the Divine gifts that birthdays have a way of returning. About two or three weeks before Mr. Starrett's eighty-eighth birthday, I received a letter from Wilma Felger of Fort Wayne, Indiana, expressing the thought that she, herself, and a number of other friends and admirers of Harry Halsey Starrett had the inspiration of jointly giving him a birthday present in the form of a trip to New York City, partly to visit the familiar grounds where he grew up, married the woman he loved, and worked joyfully together with for a number of years, but especially to visit the office of Fellowship in Prayer in whose publication and program he has taken a profound interest since its very beginning. It was a grand idea. I know many of our friends on the Eastern Coast of this country would get a great deal of inspiration in meeting this saintly man personally, for that was my own experience in October 1962 on a special trip to the Midwest.

To make a long story short, it practically took no time for a good idea to become a happy experience all around. Friends in Lima and elsewhere got everything ready. A jet plane of Trans World Airlines brought Mr. Starrett to Idlewild International Airport at 2:31 P. M. on Monday, July 22. The President of Fellowship in Prayer, Professor William Hung, had come from Cambridge, Massachusetts, the previous day so that he and I were able to meet Mr. Starrett's plane and bring him to our office in the Hotel Seville and the room reserved for him on the ninth floor. Among the highlights of Mr. Starrett's visit of nearly a week was the delightful birthday dinner party Tuesday evening, July 23rd, at the home of Professor Hung's daughter and son-in-law, Professor and Mrs. Sheldon Chang.

Thursday morning, July 25th, Mr. Starrett and Professor Hung met again in the office of the Fellowship. More than once Mr. Starrett referred to Professor Hung's letter of July 20, 1962. They compared notes of their philosophy of life and they both almost simultaneously said: "I know you, and you know me, because I am you and you are 'I', and because we both are from God and we both try to reflect God's light."

"Write this down, Kathryn," said Mr. Starrett. "It will be fine if it can be published in *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER*. It need not be a long article, for there is virtue in brevity."

Indeed, I like short messages, too; so I shall stop right here!

HUMILITY

Humility is selflessness; it is that Sublime Estate, we enter, through gaining mastery over self and which manifests through the personality, as calmness, peacefulness and contentedness and seems to say to all who come within the radius of its influence — "PEACE BE STILL".

— Harry Halsey Starrett

THOUGHTS AFTER REBIRTH

Charles Cox

LATELY I HAVE LOOKED about me with an increased sensitivity at my fellow men who struggle day by day to their destiny. Some are aware of the goal they seek, but some seem to exhaust themselves perpetually in frenetic activities which even to them seem to have no ultimate purpose. The amazing fact is ever apparent, however, that they feel there is no escape from this arduous turmoil which makes their life.

To those of us who by necessity, or by grace, were thrust on the path of non-attachment to the things that the world holds most dear, this waste of life's energy seems the ultimate sadness. (The simple advice, "Let go, and let God," states so graphically, in summary form, so many of the sayings of Jesus.)

I HAVE IN MIND, for example, a friend, a notably "good" person, who I am sure is considered highly ethical and "religious" because of her many visits to church and her constant "prayers." Bitterness has crept into her life, and despair is in the wings, because, as she says, "after all these years God has not given me this most important request." What she desires is a worthy thing, but the shocking thing in the light of the words, "Not my will, but Thine," is that it is not at all apparent, evidently, that there has been a tremendous amount of wasted mental activity under the guise of prayer.

Once I was considered odd because I maintained that I did not know how to pray. Somehow, requests to God *for* things, after I became a young adult, never did seem to be "prayers." Prayers of others, of saints or prophets, were beautiful and stirring, but the feeling of direct prayer to God for me was a problem and I believe this experience is more common than generally acknowledged.

THROUGH A SERIES of events in my life I became determined to seek a direct and personal approach to God, and to learn how to train myself, body and mind, to contact the source of the life within me. I learned to my surprise that this was not an unusual idea; that there were specific suggestions available which would, with practice, lead me on the road. I learned that the words of scriptures and of holy men were not poetry but gems of eternal wisdom, clearly understandable to all when the mind is properly prepared to receive them. I learned that simple basic ideas are in these scriptures, clearly stated, which explain what we are intended

to do with our allotted years on earth. I gathered that if we did not learn this and continued to believe that by our diligent activities it was up to us to progress in this world, we would have wasted our life, exhausted our energies to no ultimate purpose, since at death we would depart as undeveloped as we arrived—or even worse, since we would have wasted the long years of opportunity.

I learned that God holds no brief against wealth, happiness, or success. I learned, also, that these are not our natural prerogatives. I learned that the main channel to be found was the will of God for me, and how best to conform to it. I found that the adversary had as many names as faces, call him Satan, Evil, Ego, or what you will. It was his role to prevent me from finding and following the channel to salvation.

WHEN THE PLAN BECAME increasingly apparent, I began to understand how to "pray". Now I could learn to contact, a bit at a time, my consciousness to the source of all such consciousness. It all began to be one, and prayer became the continual flow of thought between mind and God, with the goal the realization of their oneness.

Although this is slow in growing, the rewards of this knowledge and these practices grow with it, in wonderful richness. Life shows its plan. "Troubles" have a purpose; "tribulations" become spiritual problems, the solutions to which are as clearly defined as any mathematical problem. One gets to know how and where to look for the method of attacking these problems. In this way it becomes apparent, gradually, that the monumental and destructive struggles of the self to solve the problems of life are useless. The wrinkled brows, the flaccid muscles, the depleted minds and bodies weary from the battle to wrest from life what one "deserves"—all wasted, all ignoring the plan of God.

The blessed relief comes if one can truly attain the skill of resting on the knowledge that our only struggle is to remember our true role in this earthly play. The part is written. All we must do is learn it. There is no point in constant struggle to change the whole plan. If we learn this, we change a life of futile frustrations and bitterness to one of richness and growing peace. We learn that this does not mean a life of submissive inactivity—quite the contrary.

AS WE REALIZE THE TRUE nature of the various obstacles which life presents to us, and learn the prayerful way of overcoming them, we grow in the strength that comes from these practices, and eventually learn to see these things as they arise, and deftly deflect them. All the energies which we are so apt to waste on useless and unwarranted assistance to God in the running of our lives, are now more profitably utilized. We may find to our surprise that life presents the very things that the world holds in such esteem. We may find none of these. We have learned, however, that this is His will for us. We have learned to live our life under God's continual instruction, to the very best of our ability. We have made a determined effort to find within ourselves the source of God's energy and love, and to make the best contact with it possible.

WE HAVE PROGRESSED far enough to know that this is indeed the secret of life—the way to the ultimate joy and bliss of which we have heard so much. We have learned that if we succeed in finding the divinity within us, everything will be harmoniously arranged around it.

SEEK LOVELINESS

If you are starved for love, seek loveliness
In all the world that lies beyond your door;
It will flow in like healing tides to bless
In ways you never dared to dream before.

If you are starved for love and are aware
How many others feel themselves alone,
Your seeking heart will find some way to share
The love and loveliness you once had known.

Open the secret casements of your heart,
Unlock each door, that friendliness may find
No barrier nor timidly depart
To seek some warmer and more receptive mind.
Love is the air you breathe, the joy you feel,
The thankfulness that makes a spirit kneel.

— Alice Mackenzie Swaim

A PRAYER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Thou, my Maker, knowest my life, my thoughts, my conduct. Thou knowest the longings and ideals, the pains and hopes that urge and impel me. Thou knowest also that I would make my life acceptable unto Thee, a source of pride to those who care for me, a source of blessing to my fellowmen.

There are moments when the vision of my better self animates my soul. I dream of a life of character and high achievement, a life of worth and service. But I also have my hours of temptation and struggle, when the vision fades and the will weakens. Be with me, O God, in those hours. Strengthen me, that I may realize the finer potentialities with which Thou hast endowed me. When in the pressure of daily living, when in the pursuit after pleasure and success, I lose sight of my better self, fortify me with a sense of the purposefulness and holiness of life. I ask not that my path be easy, that all temptation and struggle be removed from my way. But I pray Thee to strengthen within me the conviction that I can make of my life what I will. Cause me to feel that if Thou art with me, sustaining and en-

couraging me, no victory of the spirit is impossible. Oh, let me know the joy of moral conquest.

Often I am overwhelmed by the vastness of the world and my own littleness and insignificance in it. I seem so pitifully small, a mere atom in a measureless world of existence. I seem unable to find my place in all this bewildering scheme of things. My life appears meaningless, my work seems useless. Yet I know that Thou hast placed me here and hast allotted me a task that is useful and necessary. I beseech Thee, O my God, to reveal to me the high dignity of the part Thou has assigned to me. Let me feel that in Thine eyes my efforts are worthwhile. Deepen within me the consciousness of the obligation I owe to my friends and loved ones, the responsibility I have to Thee and to my fellowmen. Give me the strength so to mould and purify my character that my life may be counted a blessing. I cannot find words to utter all that is within my heart. Thou art with me, I have no fear. Amen.

—Selected from "Morning Service for the Day of Atonement," *THE UNION PRAYERBOOK FOR JEWISH WORSHIP.*

ARE YOU SPIRITUALLY STARVING YOUR CHILD?

Mary and Peter V. K. Funk

As parents we are disturbed. Actually more than disturbed, we are frightened.

And why not?

In Southampton, Long Island over 100 teen agers ran amuck and virtually destroyed the interior of an exquisite house. The point that shocked most people was that they were children from the most privileged backgrounds, with every sort of educational and economic advantage, in one of the world's more socially elite communities.

And they were carrying on like the worst kind of slum delinquents.

But this is only one incident out of many. Suddenly you, the parent are faced with appalling facts and you sense that underneath our country's bright exterior of material wealth and affluence there seems to be a strange kind of disease. You become puzzled and look for the cause.

For example:

—A surprisingly large number of teen agers are apt to tacitly assume that you too, like the characters in certain sex magazines, paper-back novels, movies and TV shows are conducting extramarital affairs, so why shouldn't they themselves do the same thing.

—Teen age drinking and the use of dope is on the rise.

—In just five short years the overall crime rate is up twenty-seven per cent and the age group for 15-19 has almost doubled the number of arrest of any other age grouping.

—Some mothers of fifteen year old girls make sure their daughters understand the use of contraceptives as a protection against pregnancy.

—There is an alarming number of drop-outs from college and an overall lack of purpose or direction on the part of the young.

—A seeming skepticism of the young towards religion.

—Nervous breakdowns among all ages is increasing to a point where emotional disturbance has become the number one health problem in America.

Why should these things be so?

Today it is difficult to know just where to start in guiding your child. It almost makes you yearn again for the physically exhausting, yet happily predictable years of diapers and playpens.

You wonder how all this can

take place in wonderful, modern-day America. And yet, the answer is deceptively simple.

Today, every magazine, TV program and newspaper carries the most up-to-date information on vitamins, correct diets, special exercises and everything else you can think of for making a perfect physical machine. Our educational system is determined that our children get the proper facts on science, mathematics, history and all other subjects.

Though this is important, an incredible paradox suddenly becomes apparent. What other major area of our children's lives is neglected almost to the point of obliteration?

With all of the super abundant activity surrounding us each moment of the day there is neither time nor thought for developing a child's inner values—those values that give the direction, the tone, the basis for fulfillment in life. They are the bricks that form the foundation on which the house of life is built.

But the tragic fact is that these values are not only neglected. They are in reality rejected by our age. Movies, television, novels inundate our children with sex and violence to such a degree that these become the guide lines in their lives. The abnormal becomes the norm. As upset parents you cannot help but ask why such attitudes are prevalent.

By taking care of our children physically and neglecting them inwardly it is as though one paints the outside of a house, plants beautiful shrubbery and trees, develops a fine looking lawn and then forgets completely about doing anything with the interior.

What we adults have forgotten is the profound truth that *the soul needs nourishment in its own way just as much and as incessantly as the body.*

The fact that we have a soul is thoroughly accepted by our Judo-Christian heritage. Other major religions take the existence of the soul as a matter of course. Dr. Carl Jung, one of the world's most prominent psychiatrists maintained that not only do we have a soul, but we must realize that as compared with our body and brain it operates according to its own laws and needs.

Out of curiosity we looked up the word *soul* in the card file of the New York Public Library. It was interesting to discover that there were about 500 cards on the subject. Most of them, however, were dated prior to 1920. To shed light on what is being emphasized today, compare this with more than 500 cards on rockets and missiles dated *after* 1940.

During the past one hundred

years or so man has made brilliant technical achievements. Yet, we still have devastating wars, famines and catastrophes because we have not developed properly those inner values which could guide us in our use of these man-made miracles. In this sense we are not much further along than the stone age and are like a child playing with a loaded gun.

When will we realize that science and religion are two sides of the same coin? They are not competitive and one does not replace the other.

A doctor can easily spot whether or not your child is getting the proper food. If there is a nutritional deficiency tell tale signs will indicate what is wrong and the necessary vitamins and foods will be prescribed.

But what about your child's invisible body? What are the tell tale signs here? They are more subtle, but the most obvious ones are delinquency, extreme restlessness, loneliness, tenseness, confusion, an inadequate sense of right or wrong, no real conception of understanding of his responsibility to his family and society. Statistics in major newspaper stories and magazine articles indicate that throughout America the deficiency has reached an epidemic size.

When a missile is launched, it goes from a firm base to its target. When we launch our children into the world, however, the moral base is too often jelly because we ourselves have no firm moral convictions or beliefs. It does not hold up under the pressure of launching and your human missile begins to wobble in flight. It falls away from the mark of human fulfillment, responsibility and happiness by a wider and wider margin.

Until recently most psychiatrists have believed that man is not much more than a biological being and religious beliefs were barely tolerated rather than accepted. But a new wind now seems to be blowing. Speaking for a significantly growing group of psychiatrists and psychologists, Dr. O. Hobart Mowrer has written: "Religion in its most vital and significant form has always been intent on saving lost souls---in helping individuals regain their sense of peace and freedom through a return to responsible living, integrity and concern and compassion for others. This, it seems, is *therapy* of the most profound variety and it is perhaps our great misfortune that this conception is today accepted and practiced with so little confidence."

What is the best way to treat the nutritional deficiency in the souls of our children? How can we nourish their spirits?

There are three basic answers that we parents have:

1. *Regular worship in your church or synagogue*—You must accept the fact that a mature faith is not built over night. It is no different than playing a sport well, or performing your work expertly. It takes time and effort. But it is worth every moment of it.

Just as regular exercise keeps the body and brain strong, the same thing is true with your soul. Consistent efforts in attempting to increase one's faith certainly affects one's outward actions by strengthening the inner values. God nourishes the soul if we give Him a chance. Participation in an act of charity, love or patience are like push-ups to the spirit.

Church is truly the house of God and it is there that we and our children can receive so much of the help we need in our spiritual growth. But this is a two way street, and we must bring to church and church school our finest talents and try to participate creatively. Don't forget that children are splendid mimics. As you grow spiritually, your child will unconsciously follow your example.

Sometimes it is admittedly an effort to see that your child gets to church or church school on time. But remember that you are giving him the opportunity of forming values that will make him a happier and more constructive member of society. Talk with his church school teacher. Find out how you can be of greater help. These teachers are not paid and they spend hours in preparing their lessons. Consult with your minister, priest or rabbi and make sure that your child has the opportunity of talking with these men. Their greatest interest is in you and your family.

We know of one mother who angrily pulled her children out of a public school because she did not believe that they were getting the proper academic background. But it is certain that she has never once become indignant about the information her children were getting religiously and it would not occur to her to complain to the head of her church about the condition of the church school. In fact, this one mother seldom sends her children to church at all.

Yet, in one sense, the religious training is far more important. As one educator explained: "It's no great trick cramming knowledge down a kid's throat....The question is what's he going to do with it?"

What he does with it, in a large measure, depends on the inner values that he has developed.

2. *Spiritual Nourishment from the home*—For many this may be a new concept. But do you ever discuss at the dining room table, for instance, the importance of integrity, responsibility, kindness, moral

strength, wisdom? Do your children know as much about Jesus' life or the lives of the apostles or prophets and biblical characters as they know about movie and television stars?

We remember once in church school when a nine year old was asked the meaning of Easter replied, "It is a time to dress up." Even more shocking is the fact that not one of the other eight pupils in the class ventured an answer to correct her. Don't families ever discuss religious matters at home?

Do you buttress your church or do you undermine it? Do you drive your children to church school with your coat hiding pajamas and then race home to bed, coffee and the newspaper? What about your own attitude towards faith? Shouldn't parents encourage the love of God through their own joy in devotion? Wouldn't it be better for you to attend church while your child goes to his class? If worshiping is not a joyful, refreshing experience, then something is wrong and you need to be very frank with yourself and do some hard digging on your own. The more you know, the greater your reverence, awe and love. This attitude cannot help but be passed along to your children.

What about prayer at home? Do your children know only a few of the standard ones? If you are a Christian, can they remember only *"Now I lay me down to sleep—"* or the Lord's Prayer? Are they familiar with some of the lovely great ones such as Saint Francis' prayer, *"Lord make me an instrument of thy peace...."* Do you say grace at mealtime? Doyou sometimes gather the family together to pray for a birthday child or for some special occasion, remembering to keep prayers short and full of love?

What about a prayer corner in your home? A quiet spot with a Bible is all you need. Children have just as many problems and fears as adults. They need to be taught to kneel and pray for guidance and courage and for those in sickness or in trouble. They should learn to give thanks to God for their blessings. If the United Nations and Congress think that a room for prayer is important, should not we as parents set aside some small place?

Words mean so much in the home atmosphere. Are the words, *God, love* and *patience* frequently used? Is *innocence* a word of beauty or scorn? Is the word *fight* used more frequently than *friendship?* Does the word *humor* connote amused understanding or is it poking fun at others?

The early years of a child's life are so important in all their senses. There are many wonderful pictures, for example, that can be put on the walls of their rooms—cartoons, animals, mother goose. But

have you a picture or some object in his room relating to your child's faith?

3. Put your concepts into action—There is nothing like an example for a child. We can preach all day about being friendly and kind. But unless it shows up in our own actions, what we say will be worth no more than words. We must contribute to our communities in terms of work and activities. We must bring into *every area* of our life the fundamental principles of our faith.

A dinner guest at a party once explained that his company—one of Wall Street's most successful law firms—has a policy of hiring those who are devoted to their religion, regardless of creed. The turn over of employees is at an unusual minimum while good will, friendliness and the desire to do well is at a maximum.

The spiritual life of our children must be cared for with consistency and intelligence. If they are not exposed to a mature faith at home, at school or in church, we run the ever increasing danger of breeding healthy, physically strong, intellectual monsters.

Facing facts, actually we have no choice. But it is doubtful whether we as a nation realize it. This is depressingly tragic. The beaches of history are littered with the debris of civilizations who become confused over these inner values.

As a parent you have the basic obligation of exposing your child to religious training, just as it is your duty to feed him. Deep within you and your child is an invisible hunger for spiritual nourishment.

"Like as the heart desireth the water-brook, so longeth my soul after thee, O God." The author of this psalm understood the yearnings that mankind has for spiritual fulfillment.

Those minds that are guided by the Spirit of God and that are conscious of their own weakness, do what is necessary to be done without being aware of their own strength and without any assurance of success.

— Francois de Fenelon
(seventeenth century)

WHEN THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH ME

A wise friend once counseled me saying, "that often a good general retreats to a more strategic position in order to win his battle." This advice has remained with me, and lately when the world has been too much with me, I find myself retreating to gain new strength to meet the everyday fray.

Several years ago our little family went camping on the beach at a place called Refugio. Truly, the Spanish named it well as it has been a refuge for me many times. The quiet cove, cradled in the arms of the surrounding hills, hold a special kind of peace and strength.

While there, I always find time for long walks along the shore, enjoying the many moods of the sea—the ebb tide and the flood, the restive roll and spill of the aqua waves. I gather sea-treasures into my mental storehouse...strange music of the tidal symphony, the wild threnody of drifting gulls. One evening at dusk I watched the sunset with its golden shuttle weaving saffron and azure and lavendar into a shawl to throw across the silver breast of the sea. Then suddenly, moving like a gray phantom, the fog stole silently in across the sand, wrapping me in its misty cloak and shutting out everything but the continual surf beating like a giant heart. That wonderful evening I placed carefully in my memory, realizing that it would be a citadel to retreat to if ever needed.

How often I have returned to that shore, watching the sunset, feeling the healing touch of fog upon my face and in my heart, the joyous knowledge of the presence of God in the Eternal rhythm of the sea. Each time I am renewed and strengthened with a deep abiding calm.

— Zelma S. Dennis

A great man is one who has not lost his childlike affection.

— Mencius 4B.12

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS!

Linda Conte

THE MOST IMPORTANT MOMENT of your day is the instant you awaken in the morning.

In that first split second, you set the mold for either happiness and harmony or discord and discontent in the hours ahead.

Do you repeat a negative pattern of facing the world around you and your Maker with complaint, criticism, grumbling and ingratitude?

Do you dwell on your limited bank account, the mounting bills, the needed repairs, the dull routine of the boring day ahead?

Your mental struggle against the stormy currents of your life are sure to leave you battered, weary and depressed before you even rise to face the waiting day. After all, the more you dwell on problems, the more you invite problems. The more you turn your face toward sunlight, the more sun will stream into your eyes.

Unfortunately, too many of us are blinded by the material things we have come to believe are necessary. We have lost sight and appreciation for the things which are free—and for which we should be most grateful.

Resolve now, that each and every day, you will repeat three small words and practice their meaning:

Count your blessings!

Mentally review all that you have to be thankful for. Look around you at the glorious light streaming through the window to announce a promising day. Listen to the song of the bird, who is not complaining as he throws his heart into his melody, or perhaps the laughter of school children will be music to your ears.

Every sense will be rewarded. You can touch the warmth of your

loved ones. Taste the delight of an orange. Smell the delicate perfume of freshly-cut grass. Hear, at the flick of a dial, great music, as well as news of your world's progress.

Give thanks for your good health, your sound mind, a sense of humor. Be grateful for material supply.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS! And as you count them, a peculiar thing will happen. Your good will multiply! Your gratitude will melt away your problems and your giving praise will find the ear of Providence, so that as you count your blessings, more blessings will pour forth upon you.

THY WAY

Exodus 33:13

"Shew me now thy way," dear God,
For I have lost my own.
It was not very good at best,
And I want Yours alone.

My own too often led me far
From what I know was right
And left me in the darkness, when
My heart cried out for light.

"Shew me now thy way," dear God,
And let me start anew.
I need unfailing guidance, Lord;
So let me walk with You.

— Max Dunaway

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The Brother and the Rooster

Dorothy Day

THERE were twenty-five novices, five lay brothers and three fathers in the House of Our Lady of the Sea. When the work was heavier than usual the fathers and novices joined in, making hay, cutting lawns and weeding the garden. For the first five years Brother Stanislaus was in America—he was from Poland—he worked with the animals and vegetables. There were five cows, two horses, some ducks and chickens. It was hard for him to make friends with the other lay brothers who were much younger than he. But one dear friend Brother Stanislaus had among his charges and that was a young rooster, which he had raised and petted until it grew to know him and used to come and perch on his shoulder when he called. Every morning when he went to open the door of the chicken coop, it ran out to him, crowing in a friendly manner, strutting before him and showing off its fine feathers.

"God has given us a very fine morning," Brother Stanislaus would say to his little brother, the rooster. "Now if He will only send us a good shower this afternoon so that I won't have to water the garden tonight, I'll be very happy. My arms ache from carrying those heavy watering cans."

And the rooster crowed lustily as though to say, "Let us praise God at any rate. Whatever He does is very good."

At the end of five years, Brother Stanislaus was transferred to the kitchen to work as cook with the help of another brother to do dishes and set the tables. This was a time of hardship for him. He had no great love for food, and he did love the out-of-doors and his animals. There was barely time in the morning to go out and greet his rooster before he had to start breakfast. The huge pot of oatmeal had to boil for an hour and there had to be tea, coffee and chocolate. There was time for Mass and spiritual reading during the meal, but there seemed to be no time for the half-hour of meditation.

Since he believed with Saint Teresa that the devil would shun anyone who was given to this devotion, it upset him to think he had to miss his morning exercise. It was impossible for him to get up earlier than the rising hour of five. He was an old man and very tired at the end of the day. So he had to take to

meditation while he waited for the breakfast to cook.

"Good Saint Joseph, don't let my oatmeal burn," he would murmur every now and then as he paced up and down the kitchen meditating on the Visitation, or the Four Last Things. And Saint Joseph watched over the stove and by seven the oatmeal was done to a turn and not sticking, at that—so that the pan was not hard to wash.

DURING the long winter it was not so hard to work in the kitchen. The big range heated up the room and it was pleasant to come into the kitchen in the morning from the icy bedrooms and the cold chapel. The singing of the tea kettle, the bubbling of the boiling potatoes and the noisy crackling of the roast in the oven were pleasant accompaniments to the peeling of vegetables and the cleaning off of closet shelves.

The worst thing about the kitchen work was that it was never finished. There was food to be prepared and cooked and the pots and pans to wash, and the kitchen to sweep and mop and the shelves and drawers to clean out and the windows to wash and the fire to keep up. Every minute of Brother Stanislaus' day was taken up. In the winter it was easier because the kitchen was a comfortable place—and because canned goods were used, which made it unnecessary to clean and prepare so many vegetables.

But summer was a time of penance. The long hot days made the stove a torture rather than a comfort. The kitchen was like a furnace with its three windows facing east and no direct draught through. The fresh vegetables to prepare for thirty-five people made the work seem interminable, and when the work of preparing vegetables and fruits for immediate consumption was done, there was the work of canning them.

Life was hard but Brother Stanislaus endured it all cheerfully, smiling at the thought that by his present sufferings he was expiating his sins here on earth instead of in purgatory. He was glad to suffer, happy in his discomfort. And when the orchestra of cicadas made the air ring with their hot tunings, he took his vegetables out on the back porch or sat on the grass under the trees in order that he might the better hear them at their work of praising God. He was happy even in the sound of the buzzing flies. Their hot drone reminded him of Italy.

There was always time, too, for visits with his little brother the rooster. Sometimes a moment before breakfast, another visit to throw the chickens their vegetable peelings. After supper, during recreation time, Brother Stanislaus sat on an old stump under a tree smoking his pipe and conversing with his friend.

He was alone in the world, very

much alone on his pilgrimage. Once in a while he thought of an early boyhood friend of his in the religious house in France. They delighted in holy conversation, and used to vie with each other in making up spiritual bouquets to give to each other and to offer up to God. They loaned each other books—they read nothing but devotional works—which took them months to read and ponder and converse about. They delighted when the work was hard, and when there was not enough work, they spent long hours on their knees, even when their souls were dry and it seemed as though only meaningless words came from their hearts. When it was a struggle to pray, they delighted in prayer the more, because it was an added hardship overcome for the love of God.

But now Brother Stanislaus was all alone in this world and very sad. It seemed to him a mournful thing to be unhappy in a world which was often so beautiful, but he accepted his unhappiness and lack of consolation with resignation.

"'Life is but a night spent in a wretched inn,'" he said with Saint Teresa.

When he was very lonely he tried to dwell on thoughts of heaven and the companionship of the saints he would have there. When he cooked, he cooked with loving care, as though for Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Clare, Saint Anthony and Brother Juniper. He liked to offer his food to the Holy Family, giving Mary a respite from her humble work, and when he had made a nice supper, he used to say, "There, Saint Teresa, it's a wretched inn, I'll agree with you—but here's a nice supper for you to sit down to after your journeyings."

But though he believed and practiced in the communion of saints, he did not realize that his little rooster had more reality for him. His rooster became his companion, his treasure and his toy. When it came and perched on his knee, he talked to it as a little girl talks to her pet doll, he handled it lovingly as a bibliophile handles a precious volume; he exulted in the markings and shading of the bird.

Brother Gerard was a younger man than Brother Stanislaus, and had taken his place in the care of the cows, the chickens and the garden. He was a hard-working boy, but often absent-minded and careless, and when one morning Brother Stanislaus heard one of the fathers tell him to kill some roosters for Sunday dinner, he resolved to be present in the barnyard and help Brother Gerard catch the roosters.

"*BE CAREFUL* of my little friend out there," he called to the other brother as he was scalding out the milk cans in the pantry. "Be sure and let me know when you want to

catch them and I'll come and help you."

But Brother Stanislaus spoke such broken English that it was hard for others to understand him, and since Brother Gerard was busily engaged while he worked in saying some extra prayers for a special intention, he scarcely listened.

"He is too holy," Brother Stanislaus muttered to himself over the dish pan. "He is as bad as Brother Juniper."

DURING the course of the morning he ran out often to the barnyard which was quite far away from the house, but always Brother Gerard was somewhere else, so that he could not see him to remind him again..

By noon, Brother Stanislaus had scorched the beans, burnt the roast and worked himself into a state of grievous irritation against life and Brother Gerard.

It was always hot and messy work killing chickens and Brother Gerard wanted to get it done before dinner so that he would not have that task to look forward to during the rest of the day. So while Brother Stanislaus was confined to the kitchen during the last critical half-hour before dinner, the other brother caught his chickens and killed them, saying fifty Hail Marys while he did so, to make the nauseous work easier.

Brother Stanislaus could eat nothing in his fear and uncertainty, and since the rule of silence was observed during meals he could not reassure himself.

Immediately after, ignoring the bell for prayers in the chapel, he made his way to the barnyard. His heavy cassock which he put on just before he left the kitchen, over the denim kitchen apron in his hurry, twined about his legs and impeded his hurried step. He stumbled up the little hill, and slipped on the newly cut grass which cluttered the narrow path, so that he fell to his knees. His heart was constricted and he panted as he hurried along.

When he reached the yard and called, his little brother the rooster did not answer him. He could not have escaped so Brother Stanislaus knew the worst.

Sitting down heavily on the stump of the old tree, he felt the world suddenly very empty about him. Song sparrows were singing in the trees overhead and in the fields the meadow lark trilled her piercingly sweet tune. The cicadas, the bees, the buzzing flies, even the stirring of the leaves sounded unfeelingly gay and hostile to Brother Stanislaus. The sunlight was brazen and the wind jeered among the laughing leaves. His hands trembled as he took out his old pipe, and his heart was bitter and angry within him. His little pet, his tender joyous little rooster, who alone out of all the world had a loving heart for

him, was gone. Brother Stanislaus wept.

He sat there for a long time, while the numb feeling turned to anger and the anger turned to remorse. He sat there still longer to say some prayers for the brother whom he had been hating so fiercely. He said them unfeelingly, because he knew he ought to say them, and he prayed for a heart of flesh to take the place of the stone in his breast.

"It is God's will," he kept murmuring, and finally he knew indeed that it was God's will, and was able to get up and go back to his pots and pans in the kitchen.

Two days later as he put his little friend in the pot on the stove for a fricassee, he said to him, "You are all I had, and I am offering you as a present to God. God alone knows what a lonely old man I am."

And that day, in some mysterious fashion, God made himself felt to the old lay brother, and his heart, as he wrestled with pots and pans, was full of joy.

—Reprinted from the Commonweal

BIRTHRIGHT

Blue sky,
brown earth,
silver note of a
dark bird.

White cloud,
grey wind,
calls I
have heard.

Green land,
pastoral.
My life is
blessed...Immortal.

— Marilyn Stoddard

NOTICES and COMMENTS

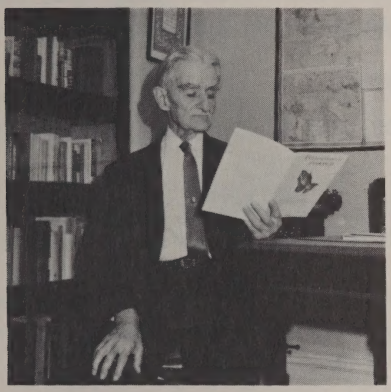
FIP NOTES. Our best wishes go to our former Editor, Paul Hourihan, as he enters full time graduate study at Harvard University. Mr. Hourihan spent five years as Editor of *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER,* and we are most grateful for the splendid work he has done. In the meanwhile, our Trustees and Executive Committee have requested that Peter V. K. Funk, one of our trustees, be Acting Editor.

CONTRIBUTORS. This is the first time that we have published an article by Dorothy Day. Miss Day, founder with Peter Maurin of the *CATHOLIC WORKER* is the author of *House Hospitality, On Pilgrimage,* and *The Long Loneliness...* This issue also brings us the first contribution from Elizabeth Seale Lamb, a New Yorker, whose article, *Again and Again,* appears on page 11... We are happy to welcome to our pages, for the first time, Mary Funk co-author of *Are You Spiritually Starving Your Child?* Mrs. Funk is the mother of seven children, whose age span runs from college down to the second grade, and she is well qualified to pass along her observations... Other new writers in this issue are Susan White of Baltimore, Maryland, who is now in her senior year at Notre Dame. Her poem, *And These Thy Gifts,* is on page 5; Marilyn Stoddard's *Birthright* on page 33; and Linda Conte tells us how she catches hold of joy in *Count Your Blessings,* page 27. Besides our regular contributors, we are glad to have Thomas Powers, Charles Cox and Alice Mackenzie Swaim with us again.

A VALUED FRIEND PASSES. A few days ago we were saddened to learn of the death of Rabbi Ernest R. Trattner, minister of the Westwood Temple at 10505 Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles, California. Rabbi Trattner became interested in our work early in 1962, and we have published several articles from him during this period. One of his last pieces will be found on the first page of this issue.

LONG-TIME FRIENDS FROM MIDWEST VISIT OUR OFFICE—

Mr. Harry Halsey Starrett.



Perhaps one of our most recent experiences which seems to exemplify to us the spirit lying behind *Fellowship in Prayer* is the visit of Harry Halsey Starrett which has been written up by Kathryn G. Brown, our Executive Secretary, appearing on page 12 of this issue. It was Mr. Starrett's first trip to New York in thirty-six years and was made possible by the efforts of his numerous friends, many of whom are members of our Fellowship... There was Mrs. Ralph Felger who sparked the idea which would coincide with Mr. Starrett's eighty-eighth birthday. Then Mr. Robert C. Barton, Editor of *THE LIMA CITIZEN* picked it up, and soon there was "an overwhelming response, manifesting true friendship."

It was a happy time for everyone. As Mr. Starrett wrote: "My trip to New York was the greatest of my eighty-eight years.... I went forth resolved to give rather than to receive, and I came home much richer than when I left."

* * * * *

Miss Anna Grace Sawyer

Miss Anna Grace Sawyer, a staunch, enthusiastic and invaluable member of *FIP* since 1952 came to New York in August as a guest of *The Golden Anniversary Convention of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority.* In recognition of her long service in bringing educational and cultural benefits to the underprivileged she was elected an honorary member.

Miss Sawyer has spent her life trying to *live* the tenents of her faith. ....She says, "We *must* turn our efforts now to spiritual things, though certainly giving material support to works of the common good.... Spiritual might can make things right."

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. FIP is published six times a year at the rate of $3.00. Special rates are available for additional copies.

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PRAYER OF SELF-DEDICATION

Take and receive, O Lord, my entire liberty, my understanding, my memory, and my entire will. All that I am, all that Thou hast given me, I give back to Thee to be disposed of according to Thy good pleasure.

Give me only Thy grace and Thy love. With Thee I am rich enough, nor do I ask for aught besides. Amen.

— Ignatius Loyola

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